
THE ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

VOL. I.

IT BLOOMS TO ENRICH THE MIND.

No. I.

TO OUR PATRONS.

We present you the *Rose* all brilliant
and bright,

Each month it shall bloom with the
effulgence of May,

As an emblem of beauty, unfading and
light

It will shed its perfume until life's
passed away.

It grows in the *vale* far famed for its
green,

"And bright with the dew-drops of
genius," 'tis blest,

As none but the poet or sages have
seen,

For it blooms amidst bow'rs of the
Queen of the West.

And ev'ry bright flower that sheds its
perfume

O'er the wide mead, or on the high
mountain ;

Or bathes its fair breast of morn's rich-
est bloom,

In the pure flood, or o'er the deep
fountain ;

All, all commingling here may be seen
Each tint in the wild flower's blos-
som,

For none that so bright, so lovely or
green,

But is found in the blush of the *Rose*
of the morning.

Then take this fair *flower*, and inhale its
sweetness,

Place it first in thy chaplet, the wreath
of the mind—

Let it speak of those virtues that give
the soul greatness,

While *profit* and *pleasure* it happily
blends.

VOL. I.—A

Or, if like the wild waves of the deep
troubled ocean,

The storm of life's cares has awa-
kened thy sorrow,

Thou wilt find a sweet balm which
nature has given,

By reading a page in the *Rose of*
the Valley ;

For the song of the Bard that rolls in soft
numbers,

And the muse of the Fair, like the
bloom of the lily,

Will steal o'er the heart like the even-
ing's mild splendors,

Of those who are blest with the *Rose*
of the Valley.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE.

A young merchant whom we shall call
Morton, was united, a few years since,
to a most amiable girl, whom he sincere-
ly loved, and who returned his affections
with all the warmth and ardor his man-
ny virtues deserved. At the time of
their nuptials, Mr. M's business was lu-
crative and apparently increasing, so
that he could indulge in reasonable anti-
cipation, not only of eventual independ-
ence, but also of attaining that desirable
end without denying himself and family
the fashionable gratifications of the day.
Accordingly, he furnished his house in a
style of considerable elegance, kept sev-
eral servants, and in other respects con-
ducted his family arrangements on a libe-
ral scale, and which his forefathers
would, perhaps, have deemed idly ex-
travagant. His wife, too, thinking to do
credit to her husband, paid little attention

to economy, and rather made it her study to gratify his taste, than to regard the expence it might occasion.

There was a time, too, when such a general prosperity pervaded this country, that prudence herself seemed almost to justify extravagance. But these times had gone by, and on those countenances where formerly beamed hope and independence, now sat disappointment and despair. No longer could the merchant engage in schemes of enterprise, for he saw that the more extensive was his business, the more extensive were his losses. No longer could he place reliance on the stability of his neighbor, for expence was daily teaching, in painful lessons, that the foundations of credit were loosened, and those who had withstood many a storm, now bent and yielded to the calamities of the times.

But still the storm howled only without the dwelling of domestic peace—it had not yet wounded the merchant in his tenderest concerns. Soon, however, Mrs. M. saw the gloom that misfortune was gathering on her husband's brow, and which neither her own affectionate solicitude, nor his children's sportive playfulness, could chase away. Day after day passed, and she sighed in silence. At length she extorted from him the cause of his dejection, and learned that his business had declined, and that he had sustained multiplied losses, which had deprived him of nearly all his earnings. There are women, and those whom the world calls women of sense too, who would have contented themselves with sympathizing with their husbands, and supposing that by affectionately sharing his regrets, they had discharged their duty; not such a woman was Mrs. M.—She felt deeply her husband's misfortunes; but that feeling was an active principle, which prompted her to do what was in her power to assist and relieve him. She immediately commenced a system of reform, retained only a single servant, her table was not as before loaded with luxuries, and the wine was banished from the side-board. Her two children were neatly but simply dressed, and she gazed upon them with more heartfelt delight than when cover-

ed with ribbons, and expensive useless finery. She applied herself to domestic avocations with unabated diligence, and carried economy into every department of her household.

All this was not done, however, without the opposition, and in some instances, the sneers of her acquaintances; but happily the suggestion of pride and indolence fell harmless on the ears of Mrs. M.; for she weighed them against her duty to her husband, and her affection to her children, and the scales mounted in the air. Her husband, in the mean time, although he would have perished rather than have prescribed such a conduct, saw her thus employed, with a new delight springing in his heart; and in his approbation, she found at once a reward for past exertion, and an additional incitement to new. From the much decreased expenses of his family, he was encouraged still to struggle against misfortunes, and his business began slowly to revive; and although he cannot as before anticipate speedy wealth, yet from the prudent care of his wife, and his own industry and application, brighter prospects are daily opening to his view. To his partner he is now attached by a new and tender tie of affection, for he has seen that she can share and alleviate the distress of adversity, as well as adorn and dignify the most prosperous station. Happy, happy M. who has such a wife, and thrice happy and lovely the woman who can thus act! From her example, may every American fair learn in what course of conduct lies the true dignity of female character. May they learn, that they were intended by Providence, not merely to float on the surface of pleasure, or flutter like butterflies in the sun, but to be the sweet soothers and consolers of man when misfortune clouds his prospects and presses heavily upon his spirits.

For the Rose of the Valley.

TIME.

O! Time, mighty is the strength of thy arm, and unceasing is thy ruin as eternity. The glory of a thousand ci-

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ties lie buried in the dust.—Greece! beautiful, illustrious Greece! the land of science and of song—where now are thy temples of learning and philosophy? Once they were filled with the great men of the earth, and the thunders of a Demosthenes resounded in thy royal galleries. But alas! where are they now? The wave of Time has swept them from the face of the earth. Rome! thy princely domes, too, are gone—thy consecrated victors have long left their thrones. And so is Troy no more; her palace-halls are silent, and the towers of Ilium are mouldering into dust. The powerful Hector, the brave antagonist of Achilles, is no more. The mighty engines of battle, the thunders of the warrior's clarion, the magnificent temples of Carthage, together with the millions of the invaders and the invaded, have all found one common mausoleum in the boundless ocean of Time.

The halls where once the gay, the happy and the beautiful were assembled to listen to the "voluptuous swell" of music and the banquet-song, and to sport in the bridal-dance, are gone down the tide of returnless years; and moss and wild-grass cover the spot, while at the "midnight hour the owl's long cry adds to the deep solitude." The trophies and garlands of Fame have faded away.—The wreath and diadem which adorned the warrior's brow have been hurled into oblivion. The gigantic bulwarks of genius, the ponderous tomes of learning, and the unceasing labors of years are alike the sport of the hand of Time. No edifice is too gorgeous, no blandishments are too resplendent, no empire is too mighty for the blighting power of thy arm!

A few more years, and all that now tread the earth will be no more. The

rich, the poor, the gay and beautiful, will have found a resting place beneath the clods of the valley. Nor would I stop the flight of Time—

No, hasten and bear me to that golden shore,
Where eyes shall cease weeping, and hearts break
no more!

M. A. TOWNSEND.

New Brighton, Pa.

FRAGMENT OF A ROMAN MANUSCRIPT OF THE FIRST CENTURY.

**** With a toga drawn close about me, I took my station at the eastern gate of the temple. Leaning against a column, I waited the coming of the procession. The sun had just risen from his couch as it entered the forum. Clothed in robes of virgin white, with veils reaching to the ground, the priestesses resembled the fairy beings which the soothsayers of my country say await my coming in the abodes of the blessed. The early dawn shedding its mysterious light on every tower and every edifice conspired with the procession, slowly and majestically winding its way up the broad avenue, to render the scene one of enchantment. At length it reached the temple. Quick, without command, the massive gates flew open. Ever and anon as it entered, I caught the glance of a bright eye, as it flashed through some eyelet in the veils, until a form I could not mistake came up. A hand, white as her own veil, quickly pushed aside her robe, and dropped a sprig of myrtle. Snatching up the flattering token of preference, I pressed it a thousand times to my lips, and hastened to the palace of my patron.

On the day of my arrival from Numidia, I had seen Anathasia in the family of Ventidius, fair and graceful as the queen of beauty when she sprang to her sea-shell from the ocean's foam. To see her was to love her. The purple currents which swelled my veins agreed well with the enthusiastic fire which glowed on her cheek, and long ere we could teach our tongues to frame each other's speech, our eyes had looked a language well understood by kindred spirits.

Seated in a grotto of my patron's garden, or wandering down an avenue lead-

ing to the banks of the Tiber, she used to relate the early history of her country—of the kings—of the glorious republic—and then, in accents of grief, would dwell on the causes which led to their servitude under the emperors. Now and then a strange expression would drop from her as she spoke of a God to me unknown; and if I interrupted her with a fond expression, the ready tear would start into her eye.

I whiled away the remainder of the day in dreaming of the morning. In the evening whilst reposing on the couch, Demetrius, a centurion, stood at the door. 'Prince,' said he, 'are you ready for a night excursion?' Ever ready for any thing that promised an adventure, I sprang up and assented. At the janiculum we found a chosen band. The word was given to march. Coming to the Tiber we embarked. Swiftly we glided past the lofty palaces which line either shore. Demetrius now explained the cause of the expedition. He said that in the time of Augustus a new religion had sprung up in Judea. It had sustained persecution; but that of late, until the burning of the city, they had been suffered to teach their doctrines unmolested. That destructive event having been charged as their act, Nero had issued his edict to exterminate them from the earth. That night information had been given where a party was at their devotions; and he had been commanded to seize them.

Having now passed the utmost bounds of the city, we came to the wild and desolate country as you approach the sea. Landing at the jutting pier, we pursued our course. Not a star pierced the black canopy of the night. Cautiously and swiftly we moved. Demetrius, in a smothered tone, gave the word to halt, and drawing close, bade me listen. A low and sweet murmuring of voices filled the air. Stealing through the high herbage we came to a dilapidated ruin of a patrician palace. Looking through a crevice of a broken wall, we saw ten or twelve persons engaged in their rites. When they had concluded singing, they knelt, and an aged man, with silver locks, his eyes turned toward

heaven, his hands in an attitude of devotion, muttered an incantation. Demetrius ordered his men to surround the ruin. At the word, we were there with our naked blades. They made battle. The struggle was short. Demetrius at a blow cleft in two the chief priest. The women screamed and endeavored to escape. One passed the rent—another was following. A soldier seized her by the hair, and whirled his sword to strike. A cloud passed from the moon, and revealed her features. It was Anathasia! She screamed. I cleft his skull.

'Fly—fly!' I exclaimed.

Demetrius dashed upon me.

'Madman,' he said, 'what mean you? Would you save a wretch who would overthrow your altars and household gods?'

'Save her!' I cried, 'and the palace of my father shall be yours,—a thousand slaves shall call you master.'

He shook his head. My brain was on fire:—I raved—I foamed. I tried every art to persuade him to suffer her to escape; but all in vain. Binding the prisoners, they hurried them on board, and soon we were in Rome. They were taken to the citadel.

The sun had just shed his first beams on the forum as I crossed it. The temple met my sight. The gush of feeling was too much. Yesterday at this hour I was happy in the anticipation of bliss. Now all was blasted. Ventidius, breathless, met me as I entered. My countenance told him I knew all.

'Cursed girl,' he cried, 'thus to bring ruin and disgrace upon my house, and forswear her country's gods. To-day she expires her life. There is a spectacle in the amphitheatre, and she, with her wretched companions, will be torn by wild beasts.'

How I got there I know not—the first I knew I was at the palace of the emperor thundering for admittance. Nero had not risen; and there was no entrance, not even for a prince. In an agony of suspense I paced the avenue to his palace. Moments seemed hours. At length I was admitted. I rushed into the presence of him who ruled the world—a pale, weak young man, reclining on a couch.

'Greatest of emperors, save, oh save her!'

My voice choked. He raised his head and gazed on me in astonishment.

'Guards, how gained this madman admittance?'

Rushing in they seized me.

'I am Numidia's prince,' I cried, 'but grant my petition, and my domains shall be yours.'

'Thy domains!' said he with a smile, 'and are they not mine already? Away with him!'

My breast swelled—my veins burned—I would have rushed upon the tyrant; but my better genius prevailed.

I stood without the palace.' Demetrius was at my side.

'You,' I said, 'you are the cause of my ruin.'

'Nay, nay, my friend—it is not I, but the great gods. This girl has rushed blindly to her ruin. I could not save her when you begged me, for there were others nigh. But now it is in your power, if such is your will.'

Hope lighted up my heart.

'My will! Great Jove! I'd down to black Tartarus, and beard Pluto himself on his throne, to save but a single drop of her costly blood.'

'Follow, then, if such be your mind.'

We crossed the forum—ascended the Tarpeian Rock, and were in the citadel.

'I will command the guard to wait without,' said Demetrius. 'While you are within, persuade her, and we will secrete her in a subterraneous passage which leads to the Tiber. At dead of night a trireme will be prepared, and you with her can escape to your land. Haste, for the hour of games is at hand.'

I needed not the incentive; but entered, as the portals, at his command, were opened. She was kneeling. The creaking of the hinges aroused her. She slowly raised her head, and seeing me, uttered an exclamation, and enquired the reason of my coming.

'To save you, dearest girl; you and your companions are condemned to a dreadful death. I come to save you.'

A shudder passed through her frame.

VOL. I.—A2

'You cannot save me; you will only risk your own life in vain.'

'I can, I can; Demetrius is my friend, and we have provided the means.'

'And my friends—can they also be saved?'

'No.'

'Then I cannot be.'

'Oh, say not so; you are the only being that binds me to existence. But we are losing time. Come, we will secrete you until evening, and then together we will embark in a trireme for my beloved land; and there, far from tyrants, we will pass our lives in peace and harmony.'

A smile passed over her lovely face as she shook her head and said,

'And think you I cannot die for my Saviour, who died for me? Oh, it is sweet to think of him, and trust in his name.'

'Now is not the time for such wild fantasies.'

'Fantasies!' she repeated; and the tear ran down her lovely cheek as she raised her eyes to heaven. 'Ah! you cannot appreciate these feelings! Here, take this, and when I am gone to my Redeemer, read it, and consider it deeply for the sake of her who gave it to you.'

She handed me a parchment scroll.

'Haste, haste,' cried Demetrius, as he rushed in; 'the guards are here.'

'Then,' said I, 'in spite of yourself will I save you.'

I attempted to seize and carry her forth. The heavy tramp of the soldiers echoed along the passage. It was too late.

I stood before the amphitheatre. The thousands and tens of thousands were hastening in, their countenances eager for the bloody spectacle. All was confusion. The earth seemed changed. A vague notion of something dreadful weighed upon my mind. Soon the shouts of the servile multitude announced the coming of the favorite emperor. The air was deafened by the clang of brazen-throated trumpets. The chariot of Popilius was in sight. He alighted. Dashing aside his guards, I was at his feet grasping the hem of his robe,—his face became

flushed for a moment as he turned to his guards.

'What means this?'

My patron, alarmed for my safety, rushed forward. Raising me, he besought the wretch to pardon me, for I had but lately arrived from my barbarous country, and was but a novice in the manners of the imperial city. I essayed to speak. My voice was choked with agitation. He passed on. Ventidius and his friends were carrying me from the place; when I recovered I cried,

'Where take ye me? If she is to die I will be present.'

Ventidius replied, 'you will but endanger yourself; but if such you desire, I will gratify the son of my friend.'

We were seated on the benches prepared for foreign princes. Close on the right was the tyrant's favorite, negligently reclining on the *suggestum*, encompassed by his thousands of guards; on the further side were immense iron grated portals through which were seen the glaring eyes of hungry lions chafing at the bars. An immense sea of heads filled the seats, as they rose one above another.

The spectacle commenced. The eastern gate was thrown open. A small band entered and walked slowly to the centre of the area. In their midst my ardent gaze discovered Anathasia. The wretch condemned to black Tartarus' gulph is happy compared to me. Unmoved by all these dreadful preparations, they knelt: and as their gaze turned upwards, a smile of joy and resignation played on their features.—A murmur like the sound of distant waters broke from the multitude, answered interruptedly by the roaring of the confined lions. Above it all, rose the sound of voices that chanted with a melody that belonged not to earth. The multitude were hushed, and in that assembly of myriads, naught was heard but the celestial harmony of that devoted band. The favorite gave the signal. The gates opened. The hungry beasts rushed in, thirsting for their prey. My sight grew dim. My brain whirled. I sprang towards the arena. Ventidius grasped me. I fell as dead.

A shout that rent the very welkin roused me. The beasts had torn every one but Anathasia, and were gorging themselves with their lacerated bodies. One noble animal, leaving his prey, his glaring eyes like two suns, rushed, pawing and throwing up the sand, toward the devoted girl as she knelt. The noble beast stopped short in mid career, gazed on her for a moment, and roaring, dashed aside to an already mangled corpse. The multitude shouted to the favorite to save her. The wretch with a demoniac smile commanded a royal tiger to be loosed. A smothered exclamation burst from the populace.

'Who dare oppose my will?' cried the roused Popilius, darting a look of defiance around, and then fell listlessly back on his couch. It was beyond the strength of mortal to endure. I snatched a sword, leaped into the arena shouting for aid. A lion rushed on me. My sword was buried in his heart. I raised the fainting girl and retreated to a gate which the populace had burst. We were safe. The enraged people, breaking through the guards, seized the wretch, livid with fright, and hurled him to the beasts. The amphitheatre rang with shouts of joy as the infuriated lions tore him limb from limb.

THE INDIAN'S LAMENT.

The blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore
As sweetly and gaily as ever before;

For he knows to his mate he at pleasure can hie,
And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly.

The sun looks as ruddy and rises as bright,
And reflects o'er our mountains as beamy a light,
As it ever reflected, or ever expressed,
When my skies were the bluest, my dreams
were the best.

The fox and the panther, both beasts of the night,
Retire to their dens on the gleaming of light,
And they spring with a free and a sorrowless track,
For they know that their mates are expecting them
back.

Each bird and each beast, it is blest in degree:
All nature is cheerful, all happy but me.—

I will go to my tent, and lie down in despair;

I will paint me with black, and will sever my
hair;

I will sit on the shore where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes;
I will weep for a season on bitterness fed;

For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead,

But they died not by hunger, or lingering decay :
The *steel* of the white man hath swept them
away.

This snake-skin, which once I so sacredly wore,
I will toss with disdain to the storm-beaten shore :
Its charms I no longer obey or invoke ;
Its spirit hath left me, its spell is now broke—
I will raise up my voice to the source of the light ;
I will dream on the wings of the blue-bird at night ;
I will speak to the spirits that whisper in leaves,
And that minister balm to the bosom that grieves ;
And will take a new manito—such as shall seem
To be kind and propitious in every dream.

O, then I shall banish these cankering sighs,
And tears shall no longer gush salt from my eyes ;
I shall wash from my face every cloud-colored stain,
Red—red shall alone on my visage remain !
I will dig up my *hatchet*, and bend my oak bow ;
By night and by day I will follow the *foe*,
Nor lakes shall impede me, nor mountains, nor
snows—

His blood can alone give my spirit repose !

They came to my cabin when heaven was black :
I heard not their coming, I knew not their track ;
But I saw, by the light of their blazing *fuzes*,
They were people afar from beyond the big seas ;
My wife and my children—O, spare me the tale !
For who is there left that is kin to GEEHALE !

LIFE: AN ALLEGORY.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL, ESQ.

It is now morning. Still and glassy lies the lake, within its green and dew-scent shores. Light mist hangs around like a skiey veil, and only reveals the uncertain outlines of woods and hills.—The warm vernal air is just stirring in the valleys, but has not yet ruffled the water's mirror. Turns the eye upward, the misty vault opens into the calm, clear heavens, over which there seems suffused a genial spirit's breath. Far distant on the horizon flash out the gilded and reddening peaks, and from yonder crown of snow, a sudden radiance announces the risen sun. Now in the east stream the golden rays through the soft blue vapor. The breeze freshens, and comes loaded with fragrance from the woods. A faint, dark curl sweeps over the water ; the mist rolls up, lifts itself above meadow and hill, and in gathered folds hangs light around the mountains.—Away on the level lake till it meets the sky, silvery gleams the sheeted wave, sprinkled with changeeful stars, as the ever-rising breeze breaks it in ripples. Now the pennon, that hung loose around

the mast, rises and fitfully floats. We spread the sail, and casting off from the shore glide out with cheerful hearts on our voyage. Before us widens the lake ; rock after rock receding back on either hand, and opening between still bays, hung round with sparkling woods, or leading through green meadow vistas to blue sunny hills.

It is now noon. In the middle lake speeds the bark over light glancing waves. Dark opens down the clear depth. White toss the crests of foam, and as the sail stoops to the steady wind swift flies the parted water round the prow, and rushing pours behind the stern. The distant shores glow bright in the sun, that alone in the heaven looks unveiled with vivifying goodness over the earth. How high and broad swells the sky ! The agitated lake tosses like a wide field of snowy blossoms. Sweep after sweep of the long-retiring shores ; hill gleaming over hill, up to the shadowy mountains ; and over these, Alpine needles, shooting pearly white into the boundless azure—all lie still and happy under the ever-smiling sun.

AND now it is evening. The sun is sinking behind the dark mountains, and clouds, scattered far in the east, float soft in rosy light. The sun is now hidden, and strong and wide sweeps up its golden flame, like the holy blaze of a funeral pile. The breeze slackens, the waves subside in slumber, and slowly the bark steers into its sheltering bay. Long shadows stretch from hill to valley, fall like dark curtains on the lake, and a solemn, subdued serenity broods, like a protecting spirit, over the hushed and quiet earth. Only the far summits yet retain their brightness. Faint blushes stain the eternal snows, recalling the first dawning roses, like the memory of early joys in the tranquil moments of departing age. These, too, fade ; but the evening star looks bright from the blue infinite, and like the herald of a better world, leads us softly to our haven.

A gentleman delivering an oration in favor of "Woman, dear woman !" ended it with these words ; "Oh, sir, nothing beats a good wife !" "I beg pardon," said one of the company, "a bad husband does."

THE MOTHER.

A softening thought of other years,
A feeling linked to hours
When life was all too bright for tears,
And hope sang wreathed with flowers;
A mem'ry of affection fled,
Of voices heard no more,
Stirred in my spirit when I read
That NAME of fondness o'er.

O MOTHER!—in that magic word
What love and joys combine!
What hopes, too oft, alas, deferred!
What watchings—grief—are thine?
Yet, never, till the hour we roam,
By worldly thralls oppress,
Learn we to prize that holiest home,
A tender mother's breast.

Ten thousand prayers at midnight poured
Beside our couch of woes;
The wasting weariness endured,
To soften our repose:
While never murmur marked thy tongue,
Nor toils relaxed thy care!
How, mother, is thy heart so strong
To pity and forbear.

What filial fondness e'er repaid,
Or could repay the past?
Alas, for prattitude decayed!
Regrets that rarely last!
'Tis only when the dust is thrown
Thy blessed bosom o'er,
We muse on all thy kindness shown,
And wish we'd loved thee more.

'Tis only when the lips are cold
We mourn—with late regret,
'Mid myriad memories of old—
The day forever set;
And not an act, a look, or thought,
Against thy meek control,
But with a sad remembrance fraught,
Wakes anguish in the soul!

On every land, in every clime,
True to her sacred cause;
Fitted by that influence sublime
From which her strength she draws—
Still is the mother's heart the same,
The mother's lot as tried,
And O, may nations guard that name
With filial power and pride.

THE GENEROUS SEAMAN.

George Cornish, a native of London, was brought up to the sea. After making several voyages to the East Indies in the capacity of mate, he obtained the command of a ship in the country trade there, and passed many years of his life in sailing from one port to another

of the company's different settlements, and residing at intervals on shore with the superintendent of their commercial concerns. Having by these means acquired a moderate fortune, and being now beyond the meridian of life, he felt a strong desire of returning to his native country, and seeing his family and friends, concerning whom he had received no tidings for a long period.—He realized his property, settled his affairs, and taking his passage for England, arrived in the Downs after an absence of sixteen years.

He immediately repaired to London, and went to the house of an only brother, whom he had left possessed of a genteel place in a public office. He found that his brother was dead, and the family broken up; and he was directed to the house of one of his nieces, who had married and settled at a small distance from the town. On making himself known, he was received with great respect and affection by the married niece, and the single sister who resided with her: to which good reception, the idea of his bringing back with him a large fortune did not a little contribute. They pressed him in the most urgent manner to take up his abode there, and omitted nothing that could testify their dutiful regard to so near a relation. On his part, he was sincerely glad to see them, and presented them with some valuable Indian commodities, which he had brought with him. They soon began a conversation concerning the family events that had taken place during his long absence. Mutual condolence passed on the death of the father; the mother had been dead long before. The captain, in the warmth of his heart, declared his intentions of befriending the survivors of the family, and his wishes of seeing the second sister as comfortably settled in the world as the first seemed to be.

"But," said he, "are you two the only ones left? What is become of my little smiling playfellow, Amelia? I remember her as if it were but yesterday, coming behind my chair, giving me a sly pull, and then running away that I might follow her for a kiss; I should

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be sorry if any thing had happened to her." "Alas, sir," said the eldest niece, "she has been the cause of an infinite deal of trouble to her friends! She was always a giddy girl, and her misconduct has proved her ruin. It would be happy if we could all forget her."—"What, then," said the uncle, "has she dishonored herself? Poor creature!" "I cannot say," replied the niece, "that she has done so, in the worst sense of the word: but she has disgraced herself and family by a hasty, foolish match with one beneath her, and it has ended, as might have been expected, in poverty and wretchedness." "I am glad," returned the captain, "that it is no worse; for though I much disapprove of improper matches, yet young girls may fall into greater evils, and where there is no crime, there can be no irreparable disgrace. But who was the man? what did my brother say to it?" "Why, sir, I cannot say but it was partly my father's fault, for he took a sort of liking to the young man, who was a drawing master employed in the family, and would not forbid him the house after we had informed him of an attachment between Amelia and him. So, when it was too late, he fell into a violent passion about it, which had no other effect than to drive the girl directly into her lover's arms. They married and soon fell into difficulties. My father of course would do nothing for them, and when he died he not only disinherited her, but made us promise no longer to consider her as a sister." "And did you make that promise?" said the captain, in a tone of surprise and displeasure. "We could not disobey our parent," said the eldest sister, "but we have several times sent her relief in her necessities, though it was improper for us to see her." "And pray what became of her at last—where is she now?" "Really, she and her husband have shifted their lodgings so often, that it is some time since we heard any thing about her." "Some time—how long?" "Perhaps half a year or more."—"Poor outcast," cried the captain, in a sort of half muttered voice, "I have made no promise to renounce thee. Be pleased, madam," address-

sing himself gravely to the married niece, "to favour me with the last direction you had to this unfortunate sister!" She blushed, and looked confused, and at length, after a good deal of searching, presented it to her uncle. "But my dear sir," said she, "you will not think of leaving us to-day? My servant shall make all the inquiries you choose, and save you the trouble; and to-morrow you can ride to town, and do as you think proper." "My good niece," said the captain, "I am but an indifferent sleeper, and I am afraid things would run into my head and keep me awake. Besides I am naturally impatient, and love to do my business myself—you will excuse me." So saying, he took up his hat, and without much ceremony went out of the house, and took the road to town on foot, leaving his two nieces somewhat disconcerted.

When he arrived, he went without delay to the place mentioned, which was a by-street in the neighborhood of Soho. The people who kept the lodgings informed him that the persons he inquired after had left them several months, and they did not know what had become of them. This threw the captain into great perplexity, but while he was considering what he should do next, the woman of the house recollected that Mr. Bland (that was the drawing-master's name) had been employed at a certain school, where information about him might be obtained. Capt. Cornish hastened to the place, and was informed by the master of the school that such a man, indeed, had been employed there, but had ceased to attend for some time past—"He was a very well behaved, industrious young man," added the master, "but in distressed circumstances, which prevented him from making that genteel appearance which we expect from all who attend our school; so I was obliged to dismiss him. It was a great force on my feelings, I assure you, sir, so to do, but you know the thing could not be helped." The captain eyed him with indignant contempt; and said, "I suppose then, sir, your feelings never suffered you to

enquire where this poor creature lived, or what became of him afterwards?" "As to that," replied the master, "every one knows his own business best, and my time is fully taken up with my own concerns; but I believe I have a note of the lodging he then occupied—here it is." The captain then took it, and turning on his heel withdrew in silence.

He posted to the place, but there too had the mortification of learning that he was too late.—The people, however, told him he might find the family in a neighboring alley, at a lodging up three pair of stairs. The captain's heart sunk within him; however, taking a boy as a guide, he proceeded immediately to the spot. On going up the narrow creaking stair-case, he met a man coming down with a bed on his shoulders. At the top of the landing stood another with a bundle of blankets and sheets. A woman, with a child in her arms, was expostulating with him, and he heard her exclaim, "Cruel, not to leave me one bed for myself and my poor children." "Stop," cried the captain, "set down these things." The man hesitated. The captain renewed his command in a peremptory tone: and then advanced towards the woman.—They looked earnestly at each other. Through her pale and emaciated features he saw something of his little smiler; and at length, in a faint tone of voice, he addressed her: "Are you Amelia Cornish?" "That was my name," she replied. "I am your uncle," cried he, clasping her in his arms, and sobbing as if his heart would break. "My uncle!" exclaimed she, and fainted. He was just able to set her down on the only remaining chair, and to take her child from her. Two other children came running up, and began to scream with terror.—Amelia recovered herself. "Oh, sir, what a situation you see me in!" "A poor situation, indeed," said he, "poor forsaken creature! but you have one friend left."

(Concluded in our next.)

A shoemaker being enamored of a young girl, while urging his suit, assured her that he loved her as he did his own *sole*, and that she would find him true to the *last*.

POPE'S WILLOW.

The first weeping willow in England was planted by Alexander Pope the poet. He received a present of figs from Turkey, and observing a twig in the basket, ready to bud, he planted it in his garden, and it soon became a fine tree. From his stock all the weeping willows in England and America originated.

A LOCK OF HAIR.

Few things in this weary world are so delightful as keepsakes! Nor do they ever, to my heart at least, nor to my eye lose their tender—their powerful charm! How slight, how small, how tiny, a memorial, saves a beloved one from oblivion—worn on the finger, or close to the heart! especially if they be dead! No thought is so insupportable as that of entire, total, blank forgetfulness—when the creature that once laughed, and sang, and wept to us, close to our side, or in our very arms, is as if her smile, her voice, her tears, her kisses had never been. She and them all swallowed up in the dark nothingness of the dust.

Of all keepsakes, memorials, relics, —most dearly, most devoutly do I love a little lock of hair! and oh! when the head it beautified has long mouldered in the dust, how spiritual seems the undying glossiness of the sole remaining ringlet!—All else gone to nothing—save and except that soft, smooth, burnished and glorious fragment of the apparelling that once hung in clouds and sunshine over an angel's brow! Aye, a lock of hair is far better than any picture—it is a part of the beloved object herself: it belonged to the tresses that often, long—long ago, may have all been suddenly dishevelled like a shower of sunbeams, over your beating breast! But now solemn thoughts sadden the beauty once so bright—so refulgent: the longer you gaze on it, the more and more pensive grows the expression of the holy relic—it seems to say, almost upbraidingly, 'Weep'st thou no more for me?' and then indeed, a tear, true to the imperishable affection in which all

nature once seemed to rejoice, bears witness, that the object towards which it yearned is no more forgotten, now that she has been dead for so many, many, long, weary days, months, years,—than she was forgotten during one hour of absence, that came like a passing cloud between us and the sunshine of her living—her loving smiles.

For the Rose of the Valley.

AUTUMN.

BY MILO A. TOWNSEND.

I love to range through autumn bowers,
It minds me of my boyhood days,
When glad I roamed to cull the flowers,
And watched the sunset's dying blaze.
While thus I roam at autumn eve,
I think how transient is this life,
And almost long to take my leave
Of this lone world of care and strife.

In autumn's hour we see the rose
No more doth deck the lonely plain;
No more the fragrant zephyr blows,
And hushed the plaintive robin's strain.
I deeply love yon autumn bowers,
So melancholy, wild and lone—
They speak of sadly pleasing hours,
Now forever, ever flown.

They tell me there's a brighter home,
A far more lovely world than this,
Where saints and angels ever roam,
Through climes of love and bow'rs of bliss.
They say there's no more weeping there,
Nor no more broken hearts on high—
But all is beautifully fair,
In that bright world o'er yonder sky.
New Brighton, Pa.

THE TEMPEST.

The following thrilling sketch is from the pen of GEORGE D. PRENTICE, Esq.

I was never a man of feeble courage.—There are few scenes either of human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of battle, when swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents of the air—I have sat on the mountain pinnacle, when the whirlwind was rending its oaks from their rocky clefts and scattering them piece-meal to the clouds—I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked not of danger—but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like

a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness—I have called pride to my aid.—I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy—but it avails me nothing—at the first low moaning of the distant cloud, my heart shrinks, quivers, gasps, and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder, had its origin in an incident, that occurred when I was a child of ten years. I had a little cousin—a girl of the same age with myself, who had been the constant companion of my childhood. Strange, that after the lapse of almost a score of years, that countenance should be so familiar to me. I can see the bright young creature—her large eye flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheek glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's, and when she bounded over the wooded hill or the fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clasping her little hands in the very ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a freed nightingale from the earth, and going off where all things were beautiful and happy like her.

It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense smoke of some burning censer of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters of the bay had forgotten their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads as if dreaming of the rainbow and the dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness, that it seemed a cloud of roses, scattered down by the hands of Peri, from the far off gardens of Paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay abroad in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and

blessed them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange or lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquillity of the day continued until nearly noon. Then for the first time, the indications of an approaching tempest were manifest. Over the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and, at the same instant, a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled out like a banner-fold upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm and the leaves as motionless as before, and there was not even a quiver upon the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane.

To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to an oak, that stood at the foot of a tall and ragged precipice. Here we remained, and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds, marshalling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so fearful that the young creature, who stood by me, shut her eyes convulsively, clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her very heart would break. A few minutes, and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger towards the precipice, that towered above us. I looked up and an amethystine flame was quivering upon its gray peaks; and the next moment, the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of a Universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown, I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible I cannot tell, but, when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds dying in the tree tops, and the deep tones of the cloud coming in fainter murmurs from the eastern hills.

I arose, and looked trembling and almost deliriously around. *She* was there—the dear idol of my infant love—

stretched out upon the wet, green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the path-way of death had been. At first I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed into her face, almost with a feeling of calmness. Her bright, dishevelled ringlets clustered sweetly round her brow, the look of terror had faded from her lips, and an infant smile was pictured beautifully there, the red rose tinge upon her cheek was lovely as in life, and as I pressed it to my own, the fountain of tears was opened, and I wept as if my head were waters. I have but a dim recollection of what followed—I only know, that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming on of twilight, and that I was then taken tenderly by the hand, and led away where I saw the countenances of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by upon their wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me, at times, with a terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead, and its hollow trunk, looking upwards to the sky as if 'calling to the clouds for drink,' is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay. A year ago I visited the spot, and the thoughts of by-gone years came mournfully back to me—thoughts of the little innocent being, who fell by my side like some beautiful tree of Spring, rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of its blossoming. But I remembered—and oh there was joy in the memory—that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sunlight waters are never broken by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

My readers will understand why I shrink in terror from the thunder. Even the consciousness of security is no relief to me—my fear has assumed the nature of an instinct, and seems indeed a part of my existence.

Benevolence is the light and joy of a good mind—
 'it is better to give than to receive.'

THE WESTERN GIRLS.

Oh tell me not of peerless isles
 Who breathe the air of Grecian Isles,
 Where brows are swept by raven curls,
 And looks tell love to answering smiles!
 But give me those whose cheeks are fanned
 By the wild winds here in the West,
 Whose thoughts sublime in accents bland,
 Revive one's visions of the blest.

Our Western girls most surely are
 The comeliest creatures of their sex,
 And skilful, too, beyond compare,
 In arts which please you, or perplex.
 With brows as radiant as the morn,
 And eyes that glance like stars at even,
 One look can strike your hopes forlorn,
 Or fill your heart with dreams of heaven.

Their lips are sweet as lute of love,
 When minstrel wakens up his tune,
 And every word the soul can move
 With feelings which 'tis bliss to own.
 In form, they're delicate and lithe,
 And easy as the swaying reed;
 And in each action chaste, and blithe,
 And graceful as the fawn at speed.

Talk not to me of dreamy eyes,
 Of looks with lazy languor fraught,
 And words which, like the south wind's sighs,
 Break not the waveless calm of thought.
 Our Western girls have hearts and minds,
 Deep feeling and strong eloquence,
 And power to forge the chain that binds
 In deathless bondage soul and sense.

The ladies here have many a way
 Peculiar to their own bright clime,
 To keep the cares of life at bay,
 And rouse the soul to pleasure's chime.
 They can admire each splendid thought
 Which, lark-like, leaps toward the skies—
 And every strain, with genius fraught,
 Woos on and wins their sympathies.

You've seen the eagle on his wing,
 High up in heaven pursue his way,
 And heard the blue-bird in the spring
 Pour to his mate his tender lay?
 Well, like that eagle, soaring high,
 The West's fair daughters are in mind—
 And like that blue-bird's melody,
 Their accents float upon the wind.

Night-bound and rayless is the heart
 That can resist their witching ways—
 Which at such shrines would not impart
 Its sense of beauty and its praise.
 Such heart could hear the dreamy sigh
 Of Autumn winds without a chime,
 And watch the glories of the sky,
 Without one thrill of the sublime.

Let poets hymn ideal grace,
 And sing of smiles beyond all price,
 VOL. I.—B

And vow in every form they trace
 A vision fresh from paradise;
 We need no spirits from the deep,
 To fill our minds and make us blest—
 For our own girls have charms which keep
 Our fancies home, here in the West.

RIGOL.

HINTS TO PARENTS.

The early instruction imbibed from a parent's life, has the strongest influence in forming the future character. Before the mind is mature enough to think for itself, we look to those whom nature has constituted our guardians, to correct and sanction our opinions. In this way the parental authority gains a hold upon the mind of children, that never can be annihilated.—And happy indeed would it be if the result were always the formation of a noble and manly character. Intelligent and well educated parents exert a glorious and beneficial power; but those who are darkened by ignorance, and chained by prejudice, transmit their intellectual qualities, as well as personal features, to their unfortunate descendants. When an instructor has to deal with the children of such parents, he has a double difficulty to encounter. He must meet the ignorance and obstinacy of the one, and give a right direction to the perverted powers of the other. And after he has laboured with all the assiduity of an almost self-sacrificing zeal, he must consider it an instance of rare felicity to escape a torrent of bitter invective. How many worthy instructors have had their peace assailed by the unjust reproaches of discontented parents?—How many parents have seen cause of deep and hearty repentance that they ever lent a credulous ear to the complaints of boyish pettiness? Have you a son? Beware how you make the idle effusions of an irritated temper, the ground of serious accusation against his effectual guide.—As you value the consciousness of having discharged your duty, as you regard the future respectability of your child; as you would have him improve the precious hours of youth in gaining those acquisitions that are to make him a worthy and useful member of society; beware of giving your parental coun-

tenance to his frivolous complaints. Are you a mother? As you wish your son to fulfil the bright hopes of maternal affection, as you wish him to become the boast and support of your life, the pride of your family, the ornament of society, beware of suffering your solicitude to betray you into unjust censures on the apparent severity of an instructor, whose duty leads him to apply a wholesome discipline to your darling child.

For the Rose of the Valley.
TO ELIZABETH

"The moonlight whispers dreams of thee,"

I love the dell and shady bower,
The rill that laves the drooping flower,
The rainbow, when its hues are bright,
The storm-cloud on the brow of night,—
But better far I love to see
The moonlight sleeping silently,
For ah! it whispers dreams of thee

I love the lone and leafy isle,
Where brightly oft the sunbeams smile,
I love the lark to hear it sing,
To see it mount on airy wing,—
But holier far it is to see
The moonlight fall on wave and lea,
For ah! it whispers dreams of thee.

New Brighton, Pa. M. A. TOWNSEND.

STANZAS—TO C——.

Oh! turn from the heart, that hath ne'er heav'd
a sigh,
As the victims of sorrow have press'd on the eye,
Oh! turn from the heart, that no tear-drop hath
shed,
O'er the woes, and the wants, that with poverty
tread.

And seek not the wreath of affection to twine,
Round the heart where no answering sympathies
shine,

And waste not the bright flow'rs of love on the
heart,

That can naught of their sweetness or beauty im-
part.

Oh! cling to the heart that with feeling surveys
The ills that surround us in life's checker'd maze,
And prize the warm heart, that can freely bestow—
Of earth's sordid treasure, a cordial for woe.

Oh! cling to the bosom, where friendship may
rest,

As the light of the eye, and the joy of the breast,
And mingle the flow'rets of love with the mind,
That can give back their sweetness improv'd and
refined.

ELLEN.

Whether Religion be true or false, it must be ne-
cessarily granted to be the only wise principle, and
safe hypothesis, for a man to live and die by.

MORNING ALL DAY.

BY DR. W. A. ALCOTT.

I have been the companion, the victim of grief;
I have lain down at night without hope of relief;
No gleam in the future—not a single bright ray,
No quiet at night, and no morning all day.

Heart-sick of the world, I have sometimes re-
treated

To forests and glens, and my sorrows repeated;
I have shrunk from the sound of my feet by the
way:

No slumbers by night, and no morning all day.

I have wished—oh, how vain!—I had wings and
could fly,
From the earth and its turmoil, to rest in the sky,
Where glorified spirits, in brightest array,
Rejoice without ceasing, in morning all day.

But a change has come o'er me, I lift up my head;
The world is all joyous—my sorrows are fled;
No fears or forbodings beset my bright way;
I rise ere the lark, and 'tis morning all day.

You ask for the cause. The reply is soon given;
I have learned how to prize the rich favors of hea-
ven;

I breathe the pure air—think, labor and play;
I repose when 'tis night, but have morning all day.

The world is now hopeful—I heed not its dan-
gers;

My friends and companions no more seem like
strangers—

The darkness and clouds have long since fled away;
I have peace all the night, and blithe morning all
day.

My youth seems renewed—my thoughts on swift
pinions

Explore the condition of monarchs and minions;
All scenes and all trials instruction convey—
I dream not by night—I have morning all day.

O ye who but sleep, while all nature rejoices,
Forsake now your slumbers, and join your glad
voices

With that of the robin, that sings from the spray:
With that of the lark—and have morning all day.

And then when the lessons of life are all o'er,
And they who now know us shall know us no
more—

When the last gleams of twilight have faded away,
We'll soar to a world where 'tis morning all day.

I am sent to the ant, to learn industry;
to the dove, to learn innocency; to the
serpent to learn wisdom; and why not
to the robin-redbreast, who chants it as
cheerfully in winter as in summer, to
learn equanimity and patience.

THE HONEST SOLDIER.

In the commencement of the differences between the American Colonies and the parent country many persons were disposed to advocate the cause of Great Britain.

While the most of those who did so were actuated by a sordid interest and the fear of the loss of property, there were some of generous feelings, who maintained their allegiance from integrity of principle and purity of motive. Of the latter class was a poor man of the western part of Massachusetts, who was in the habit of attending all the dissent meetings that grew out of the usurpations and oppressions of England.

At the same time that he did not attempt to justify the measures of the Parliament, he endeavored in his plain rustic way to palliate them, and deprecated the active measures of the Colonies as a subversion of all order and the introduction of anarchy and confusion. He was a simple hearted man, but eminent for integrity and a love of truth, so much so, that in his own neighborhood his word was considered as good as a bond—therefore, while his arguments against the resistance of the Colonies were not permitted to weigh a feather in the scale of popular opinion, his undoubted honesty of heart exempted him from the hatred which the "tories" as they were called, at that time, so commonly excited, and from the exhibition of that hatred in the usual forms of forcible ablutment and the coat of tar and feathers.

Affairs at length reached a crisis. The battles of Lexington and Concord roused the people to arms, and the Congress which assembled at Watertown resolved to raise thirty thousand troops; and the business of enlisting and drafting was immediately commenced with great vigor. There was, therefore, no alternative left for the simple rustic of whom I have been speaking but to take up arms against England contrary to his conscience, or join the forces under General Gage. He determined on the latter, and in doing so experienced all that bitterness which is incident to a

civil war, in leaving his wife and children unprovided for, and to the protection of those who necessarily became his enemies.

It was a beautiful evening in the early part of May. The labors of the day were over, and the father had returned to enjoy the hour of rest with his little family. He occupied his usual seat in the arbor by the door of his whitewashed cottage. Before him were two children playing on the green grass plat—a third lay in the cradle, and beside it sat the mother engaged in preparing the little articles of dress for another expected visitant. How many were the pleasant images of past conjugal happiness and paternal love that busy memory conjured up in the stillness of that soft evening hour—but the very recollection of them caused melancholy forebodings to cast a gloom over the spirits—for they were to be foregone for a time—perhaps forever.

Bland was the air around and laden with the odor of flowers, but the brow of the countryman was hot and feverish—bright the landscape before him which he had so often admired, and the distant hills with the golden hues of sunset; but he felt not their beauty. He looked upon his children—he heard the music of their happy voices, and then turned to the pale, interesting features of his wife. There was sorrow at his heart—the convulsive twitching of the muscles of the mouth attested the inward working of his soul, and he turned aside to wipe with the sun burnt hand of toil the tear drops from his manly features. He attempted to speak, and while he so much needed consolation himself, tried to infuse comfort into the heart of his afflicted wife.

Supper was at length ready, and with an expression of gratitude to heaven they sat down to their frugal repast. It was in that solemn silence which sorrow imposes when the surcharged heart, like the brimming goblet, requires but the slightest touch to make it overflow with tears. It was probably the last time the father would ever break bread with his family.

The hour of prayer arrived, and oh!

with what earnestness did the parent wrestle with Heaven, and implore His protection for the young and helpless he was leaving behind. The parents shed copious tears from the overflowing sensibilities of nature, and the children wept from sympathy and from an undefinable sensation of evil, which they could not comprehend. Yet there was relief in those tears, and the sanctifying efficacy of prayer calmed the tumults of the breast, and poured a soothing balm into the wounded feelings, which was not of earth.

The children were put to rest. The father kissed them affectionately as they lay smiling in slumber, unconscious of the bereavement they were about to sustain—embraced his disconsolate wife again and again, took up his musket, and, aided by the shades of night, started for the British camp. As he pursued his way, the moon that had been obscured, broke forth from the surrounding clouds, and, on turning to take a last look on his dwelling, the lamp shone through the opened door in which his wife still stood to catch the last echo of his footsteps. The light of heaven and of faithful love he felt were united to cheer him on his journey.

On the eve of the following day, as he approached Boston, he fell in with the scouts of the American army then parading in the vicinity, and his answers not proving satisfactory, he was captured and taken before the proper officers. He did not disguise his intention, but made known his determination of joining the royal army. He was accordingly sent up into the country and lodged in goal in one of the western towns to await his trial. The place was about thirty miles from his own home, and, as whatever of interest transpired was made known through the different committees of correspondence, the true character of the prisoner was soon learned. The piety, the undoubted honesty of the prisoner, the affecting circumstances in which he had left his family, and the awe of punishing a man with death, who had followed the dictates of his conscience in what he believed to be his duty, all conspi-

red to awaken intense interest in the breast of the sheriff, and he determined upon giving him an opportunity to escape.

He accordingly observed to him one evening, "these chains I fear will gall your ancles, I will therefore substitute smooth pieces of leather for the iron bands, but don't you cut them off, and break out, for I will certainly catch you if you do." "You need not fear me," replied the prisoner, as a slight smile passed over his features, and he bade the keeper good night. The sheriff retired to bed with a light heart, determining to take a nap in the morning of extra length; but he was disappointed, for the loud voice of the prisoner chanting his morning psalm, as usual, broke his slumber. The next night on leaving his prisoner he informed him that "there was something the matter with the key, and that unable to lock the door he would tie it with a rope on the outside." At the same time he charged him not to think of escaping, as he had a very fleet horse and would certainly overtake him. As he walked away he muttered to himself, "the fellow is a fool if he does not understand that."

Next morning the prison door was open; but on entering he found the prisoner as he had left him, a wind during the night had blown open the door. The honest hearted rustie considered himself in the hands of lawful authority, and could not be tempted to break the obligations of that authority; holding, as he did, the maxim which his Bible had taught him, that he who breaks the smallest law of order is guilty of a violation of principle which tends to subvert the whole. He then thanked the keeper for the kindness which he had shewn him; and as he had given him opportunities of escape, which he could not conscientiously use, he besought him for permission to go into the harvest field, by day, and earn bread for his suffering family. The request was granted—the leather straps that bound on his chains were severed, and during the months of harvest, and for sometime after, the prisoner went

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out daily to labor, and returned by night to be locked up in his cell.

One evening the keeper waited in vain for his return. The sun set—twilight set in and then darkness—and yet he came not. He waited until a late hour in the night, and then retired to sleep, assured and gratified, that his charge had fled. The next morning on awaking, he found the prisoner with his head pillowed upon the steps of the prison, where he had sunk down from fatigue. During the day and night the miserable man had been to visit his family, and in going and returning had traveled a distance of sixty miles.

The time of his trial came on, and the sheriff made preparations to conduct him to Springfield, where he was to be tried for high treason before the council of Massachusetts, at that time, the supreme executive of the state. The prisoner assured him that it was unnecessary to incur the trouble and expense of a journey, in order to take him there; as he could go, as well, by himself. His word was taken without hesitancy; and he set out upon his melancholy journey to present himself for trial and certain condemnation.

As he proceeded onward, night overtook him in a large wood, and coming to a cross road he was in doubt, whither to direct his steps. Fatigued with walking, and full of uncertainty, he sunk upon his knees and poured forth his soul in an agony of prayer, until he was aroused by the tramp of feet, and on looking up beheld a person on horseback beside him. The stranger had heard his pious petitions, and with kind solicitude inquired into the nature of his journey, and all the little particulars of his history. He took him to his own home, and having entertained him for the night, sent him on to Springfield in the care of a friend. The officer, (for it was an officer of justice, in whose care the stranger placed him) conducted him to Springfield, and the trial began.

The country was then struggling against a sea of troubles, and compelled to restrain the agency of treason, by prompt and condign punishment. The crime of the prisoner was substantiated

by ample proof—he even admitted it himself, and was accordingly declared guilty. Before reading the sentence, however, the President put the question whether a pardon should be granted.

Scarcely had he ceased speaking, when a member occupied the floor, and in that spirit which the temper of the times appeared to demand, portrayed in glowing language the aggressions of England, the unavailing supplications and remonstrances of the Colonies, the slaughter of their brethren in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the conflagration of Charlestown by the vandal torch of the invaders. He then spoke of the difficulties they had to encounter—of the power of the foe with whom they were grappling; and concluded by expressing a hope that not a member there would sacrifice the great interests of the country by granting impunity to the subtle and destructive agency of treason. Several speakers expressed similar sentiments with equal warmth; and the unfortunate man ceased to indulge a hope. For himself he dreaded not death; but in the yearnings of nature, his heart trembled for his wife and children, and concern for them clouded his manly features with melancholy. He did not weep—he bent not his head, but stood erect and pale as monumental marble, while his thoughts, abstracted from things around him, were with his family, and with that God, who is the protector of the widow and the orphan.

As the vote was about to be taken, the hasty tread of feet was heard, and Mr. Edwards, a prominent member of the council, made his appearance. He desired the President to forbear for a moment, and having recovered breath, addressed the council in behalf of the prisoner. The condemned immediately recognized the voice of the stranger who overtook him in the woods—he heard him speak of himself, but half unconscious, knew not what it was, nor to what it tended.

The speaker drew a distinction between the treason that results from sordidness of interest or unholy passions, and that unintentional treason which is

the result of a misconception of duty ; and having in some measure justified a dissent from the verdict, he proceeded to give a detail of the private character of the prisoner, his scrupulous adherence to truth, his unexampled conduct while in confinement, his coming to trial unguarded, and concluded by saying that he believed it would be politic in the council to pardon the offence, and that he for his part must consider the sacrifice of a man of so much integrity and truth as a stain, not only upon the Colonies but upon human nature. Many a heart warmed with sympathy and admiration, as the character of the simple hearted countryman was unfolded, and he was pardoned without a dissenting voice. As his word had been sacredly kept, they consented to consider him as a prisoner *on parole*, and permitted him to return to his family.

As the vote was reported, the acquitted, who had hitherto in the prospect of death restrained himself, gave vent to his feelings, and wept like a child—then turning to thank his deliverer, his eyes fell upon the pale, bloodless features of his wife, who unnoticed had glided into court, and was standing behind him with her infant in her arms. As she hastened to meet him the child fell from her embrace, and overpowered with joy, she sunk insensible at the feet of her husband.

N. C. B.

THE WORTH OF WOMAN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Ehret die Frauen.

Honored be Woman ! she beams on the sight,
Graceful and fair, like a being of light ;
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss o'er our thorn-covered ways ;
Roses of Paradise, sent from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of Love.

Man, on Passion's stormy ocean,
'Tossed by surges mountains high,
Courts the hurricane's commotion,
Spurns at Reason's feeble cry.
Loud the tempest roars around him,
Louder still it roars within ;
Flashing lights of hope confound him,
Stuns him life's incessant din.

Woman invites him, with bliss in her smile,
To cease from his toil, and be happy a while ;
Whispering wooingly—come to my bower,—
Go not in search of the phantom of power—

Honor and wealth are illusory,—come !
Happiness dwells in the temples of Home.

Woman, contented in silent repose,
Enjoys in its beauty life's flower as it blows,
And waters and tends it with innocent heart,
Far richer than man with his treasures of Art,
And wiser by far in her circle confined,
Than he with his science, and flights of the mind.

She, like the harp, that instinctively rings,
As the night-breathing zephyr soft sighs on the strings,
Responds to each impulse with ready reply,
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy try ;
And tear-drops and smiles on her countenance play,
Like sun-shine and showers of a morning of May.

Woman commands with a milder control—
She rules by enchantment the realm of the soul,
As she glances around in the light of her smile,
The war of the Passions is hushed for a while—
And Discord, content from his fury to cease,
Reposes entranced on the pillows of peace.

PROMISES.

We find few people who can keep a promise. "I will see you to-morrow at one o'clock, to get this business finished," says one person ; "You may depend upon my sending home the article on Wednesday night," says a second ; "I will write to you the first opportunity," says a third ; "If you will send on Saturday morning, I will pay your account," says a fourth ; "You may depend upon my mentioning the circumstance to Mr. So-and-so," says a fifth ; "If I be spared till next summer, I will be sure to do that which you request," says a sixth—and so on to the end of the chapter, are promises made, not one of which is fulfilled.

There is an equally established set of excuses for the non-performance of promises, and they are in general of the most pitiful description. "Oh, I was so busy, that I could not get it attended to"—"I entirely forgot the circumstance"—"something else came in the way," &c. The generality of people do not seem to feel that there is a moral obligation in making a promise, which should, in all cases, be fulfilled, at whatever inconvenience. A person, for example, promises that he is to call on me at one o'clock to-morrow. Well, I expect him. I make my arrangements to be at home at the hour appointed ; perhaps postpone

the execution of some important business, in order not to disappoint my expected visitor. And, after all, he does not come at one o'clock. I wait till a quarter past one, half past one; I even wait till two, and he does not make his appearance. Now, I leave it to any one to judge if this be warrantable conduct. I have been cheated of my time, not only to the extent of one whole hour, but perhaps of a whole afternoon; for the day is already far gone, and it is past the period that I could have turned my attention to other affairs of consequence. Yet, this conduct is so common, that one is apt to be laughed at for expressing any concern about it. "It is the way of the world," says every body, and there, it is imagined, is an end of the matter. We do not, however, like this plan of dragging in "the way of the world," as an excuse on all occasions for breaking through the obligations of social life. If we once allow it to gain a footing, there is no saying what havoc it will commit.

We believe that many people, in making promises, do not know what it is that they profess themselves intending to do. They pronounce a certain number of words, with a certain kind of grin or simper, thinking all the time how well they are succeeding in pleasing the person spoken to, without entertaining the notion that they are making a promise that requires fulfilment. To *please* for the moment is evidently the first point which they study; to *perform* the intention expressed by the words, is the last. In this manner not one promise in fifty, made by tradesmen to customers, is performed. The object with them is to please for the moment—to catch the order—and to leave the performance to chance. As we have learned how to estimate promises of this description, we do not now expect their performance; we know that the promise is a mere formula of words, no way symbolic of ideas.

Viewing promises in the light of gable, introduces a new view of the value of words in common speech, which should forthwith find a place in dictionaries of phraseology. Opposite the words,

"You may depend on my sending home the article on such a day," might be placed an equivalent number of syllables, thus,—“Ya, ma, la, doo, pa, ra, too, ru, loo.” These set to music, and sung in low harmonious cadences, would certainly have a pleasing effect, and would tickle the ear of the customer fully better, at least more innocently, than the dry words of the promise made with all the grimace which the countenance can possibly assume.

Edinburgh Journal.

CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.

[Abridged for the Rose of the Valley.]

This worthy gentleman and distinguished philanthropist, was the last of the signers of the Declaration of Independence to be summoned to the tomb. He was born at Anapolis, Md., Sept. 8, 1737, O. S.; and at eight years of age was taken to France to receive an education. Having remained there twelve years, he visited London and directed his attention to the study of law; and in 1764 he returned to Maryland richly qualified for the important duties which subsequently he discharged with so much credit to himself and honor to his country. He was one of the intrepid champions who opposed the Stamp Act in 1765, and in 1771–2 he entered the arena of public controversy with the provincial secretary, on the subject of the governor's proclamation, in which he had commanded all officers not to take any greater fees than therein expressed. In this contest he came off triumphant; and the obnoxious proclamation was suspended on a gallows and then burnt by the common hangman. Mr. Carroll was one of the commissioners who visited Canada in 1776, to induce that province to join the colonies in declaring themselves free and independent; and on his return to Philadelphia he found the subject of independence under discussion in congress, and that the Maryland delegates had been directed to refuse it their sanction. Not being a member of congress at that time, he hastened to the convention, then sitting in Anapolis, and in his own seat in that body, advocated

the independent cause with such success, that the convention not only gave new instructions to their delegates, but elected Mr. Carroll as a member of congress with them, with full instructions to espouse and defend the cause of independence.

The next day after he took his seat as a member of that body, "a second resolution was adopted, directing the Declaration to be engrossed on parchment, and signed by all the members, which was accordingly done on the 2d of August. As Mr. Carroll had not given a vote on the adoption of that instrument, he was asked by the president if he would sign it?—"most willingly," he replied, and immediately affixed his name to that record of glory, which has endeared him to his country, and rendered his name immortal. He was a member of the U. S. senate, from 1788 to 1791, from which time until 1801 he was an active member of the senate of his native state."

The editor of the Boston Courier having enjoyed an interview with him a short time previous to his death, thus describes him:—"As we entered his parlor, Mr. Carroll rose to salute us with the customary compliments, and offered chairs with almost as much ease and firmness as a man of fifty. His under dress was of brown broad-cloth—his waistcoat of the fashion of the last century. He wore no coat, but a gown of the same material as the waistcoat and small-clothes. His hair was of a silvery whiteness—his teeth apparently perfect—his eyes animated and sparkling, though, as he stated, they had become too dim to enable him to read. His hearing did not seem to be in the least degree impaired. He spoke with ease, articulated with uncommon distinctness, and his voice possessed all the clearness of vigorous manhood.

"The character of this revered patriot we shall not attempt to portray; its sublime simplicity we feel our incompetency to describe. Nor is it in the compass of our ability to express the emotions we felt when our hand was cordially pressed in that, which more than half a century ago, set its signature to an in-

strument that certified the birth of a nation, and placed on the declaration of our freedom the seal of eternity."

He died on the 14th of November, 1832, aged 95 years.

THE SONG OF THE SEA-SHELL

BY MRS. ABBY.

I come from the ocean—a billow passed o'er me,
And covered with sea-weeds and glittering foam,
I fell on the sands—and a stranger soon bore me
To deck the gay halls of his far-distant home:
Encompassed by exquisite myrtles and roses,
Still, still in the deep I am pining to be;
And the low voice within me my feeling discloses,
And evermore murmurs the sounds of the sea.

The sky-lark at morn pours a carol of pleasure,
At eve the sad nightingale warbles her note,
The harp in our halls nightly sounds a glad measure,

And Beauty's sweet songs on the air lightly float;

Yet I sigh for the loud-breaking billows that tossed me,

I long to the cool coral caverns to flee,
And when guests with officious intrusion accost me,
I answer them still in the strains of the sea.

Since I left the blue deep I am ever regretting,
And mingled with men in the regions above;
I have known them the ties they once cherished forgetting,

To trust to new friendships, and cling to new love.

O! is it so hard to preserve true devotion!—
Let mortals who doubt seek a lesson of me,
I am bound by mysterious links to the ocean,
And no language is mine but the sounds of the sea.

THE DISCIPLINARIAN.

A TRUE STORY.

A person residing in a certain parish, having fallen under the ban of the kirk-session, was duly cited before the proper tribunal, and, after admission of proof, sentenced to stand a public rebuke. The offender was a soldier, and often as he had done parade-duty in a different arena, the idea of exhibiting himself before the assembled congregation was so appalling, that he secretly determined to get out of the scrape with the best grace possible. With this view he went early

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to church, dressed in regimentals, and carried his gun along with him, which, from the bye-paths he took and the hour of the morning, he managed to secrete without observation. In due time the worshippers assembled, and after the services of the day had been ended, the soldier was called on to stand up. This summons he instantly obeyed, and by way of suiting the action to the word, presented his musket at the head of the clergyman. An exhibition so novel and unexpected astonished and petrified every spectator; the minister himself looked unutterable things, and after pausing and changing color, he timidly inquired, "What, sir, do you mean by that?"—"Only," said the other, coolly, "to show you I'm a disciplinarian as well as yourself." This was too much; most people thought the man mad; and as there is no saying what a madman will do, no one seemed willing to incur the responsibility of securing and disarming so desperate a character. In this feeling the minister sympathized, and after a little time cowered down in the pulpit, so as to be out of the reach of a weapon, which, for aught he knew, might be charged with ball or deadly slug.—The belligerent doggedly maintained his ground, and without relaxing a muscle, kept pointing at the pulpit as unerringly as the needle points to the pole. For the space of ten minutes or so, the congregation was paralyzed; after which, the clergyman called out from the place where he was ensconced, "Is the fellow away yet?" "No!" said the precen-tor, "he is still standing in the same bit, with the gun in his hand, ready to fire." "Then tell him from me to take himself off, and I'll forgive him this time"—an announcement which elicited a general titter, during which the recu-sant retired as proud, as he said himself, as "his ain cousin was when he captured the standard at Waterloo."—*Dum-fries Courier*.

THE HERMIT.

A LEGEND OF THE OLD FRENCH WAR.

It was midnight, not a breath of air ruffled the transparent waters of Lake George, on whose calm bosom the many

stars flashed like ocean diamonds, when a small skiff guided by one man, slowly approached the rocky shore where the British army lay encamped. The boat attracted the attention of two sentinels who were stationed at a short distance from the beach, and they both simultaneously exclaimed in a low tone: 'The Anchoret! hist! there he comes.' In a moment the skiff wheeled around and sped from the shore with the velocity of an arrow. 'By the night-cap of King George,' said one of the men, 'this is a mysterious affair. How could he have heard us?' 'Aye,'—retorted his companion with a significant shrug of the shoulders—'and then he is seldom seen except in the night.' Many were the conjectures made by them relative to the strange being. He had been seen at different times by numbers of the soldiers, and his singular and lonely appearance, excited their curiosity to the highest pitch. Suspicions began at length to be entertained that he was a spy in the employment of the French; and measures were accordingly adopted for his apprehension. On the following morning, the strange man was again seen by a scout while mooring his skiff under a projecting rock. His motions were watched by the soldier in breathless silence. Clambering up the rocks with astonishing agility, he proceeded at a rapid pace along the bold shores of the lake, followed at a distance by his unseen spy, until he reached a rude log cabin situated at the brink of a fearful precipice, which commanded a noble view of the water scenery beneath.—After pausing a moment he entered and closed the back door. The soldier closely scanned the surrounding objects, and retraced his steps. He reported his discovery to the Colonel, who immediately ordered a small detachment consisting of a Lieutenant and seven or eight privates, to repair forthwith to the cabin, and bring its inmate to the camp. 'Old Grey-Beard has chosen a singular location for his palace,' said the Lieut., a man who was loathed alike by his equals and inferiors, over whose early life was drawn the dark veil of mingled crime and mystery—as they slowly wound

their way up the craggy height—'but if he makes the least resistance, we will tumble him and his air castle into the lake.' 'I would rather take a loving hug with some one else,' replied the guide, 'for he scaled those rocky battlements like a tiger seeking his lair.' The conversation was continued until they arrived within a short distance of the hut. Silence was then commanded and they surrounded the humble abode without discovery or molestation. The Lieutenant tapped loudly upon the closed entrance, and in a moment it was opened by the object of their search. Grief had stamped his signet upon his brow, and the dewing of Time had done its work of woe, though the unsubdued fire of his eye, formed a singular contrast with his bleached locks. Calmly surveying the armed group before him, with a look of defiance and sarcasm, his eye at length rested upon the Lieutenant—and it seemed as if the silent misery and sleeping vengeance of years, flashed forth in that glance. The withering look was not observed by the officer, and the party stood before the singular being, with mingled emotions of curiosity and awe. 'May I enquire your reasons for disturbing a sad and lonely being,' said the recluse, 'whose foot is upon the grave, and who has sought refuge in this wilderness from the deception and folly of a world composed of knaves and fools?'

The Lieutenant stammered out a few words in explanation of the object of their visit. A slight shade came over the countenance of the old man, when they intimated that his cabin would be searched—but it was only for a moment. He requested permission to finish his coarse repast, before they disturbed his rude apartment, which was granted. On being questioned as to the cause of his seclusion, he replied with bitter melancholy: 'Ask yon lone and lightning seathed oak, baring its branches and barkless trunk to the fearful sweep of the tempest, for the cause of its desolation:—ask the wave that wanders from a far sea, and is dashed upon the eternal shore, why it rushes to destruction; but ask not the agonized spirit to unroll the scroll of the past, and trace the burning

characters which mar its pages: ask not the soul of wretchedness to send the thoughts over the booming sea of memory, into the shadowy regions of misery. It is enough to know that I was happy, and am miserable. I once looked abroad upon the sunny prospects before me, and mistook the gossamer webbed hopes of youthful imagination for sober realities, and considered the great mass of mankind honest, and virtuous:—but time dispelled the illusive aspirations of youth, and experience has taught me to trust a viper that stings the bosom which warmed him, sooner than place confidence in man any farther than his interest is concerned. I formerly resided in Boston, affluent and happy. My family was small, consisting of a wife, and one lovely daughter. The latter was ruined by a fiend in human shape—a British Lieutenant; [here the officer hid his burning brow and appeared lost in abstraction; but the old man appeared not to notice his confusion, and proceeded] the former died of a broken heart; my property was reft from me by the treachery of a false friend; and I became a free denizen of the wilderness. Retribution has in part done its work. The villain who grasped my property has ended his career on the gallows; though the reptile who blasted one of the fairest flowers that ever bloomed out of Eden, still walks forth in the open light of day. Soon, very soon, however, will he receive the meed of vengeance. But the sands of my glass are few—Time will soon be changed for the dial plate of eternity.'

The melancholy voice of the old man ceased, and they proceeded to search the apartment while he threw open a door not before discovered by them, on that side of the cabin facing the lake. It was a dizzy distance from this door to the blue water beneath—but the old man looked down with unquivering limbs and a steady eye. Unsuccessfully rummaging every part of the hut, with the expectation of finding secret papers or money, he was ordered to accompany the soldiers to head quarters. Making a feint to move towards the door, he suddenly grappled the Lieu-

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tenant, and exclaiming—'Wretch! my daughter shall now be avenged!'—with a powerful effort precipitated himself and his opponent into the lake. A dead shriek—a heavy splash—and a few bubbles rose over their watery grave.

MY SISTER.

She has passed from the earth, but we must not lament her,

Nor mourn her return to a holier clime;
She but lingered below, until he who had sent her,

Recalled her to Eden in morning's sweet prime.

Could the beauty and freshness of youth have retained her,

We had not been called o'er her slumber to weep;

Yet mourn not, since death in his power hath but gained her

A joyful awaking from death's transient sleep.

Ere the sorrows of earth or its passions had moved her,

Or darkened the light of her innocent brow,
She bade a farewell unto those who so loved her,
And whispered—my Father, I come to thee now.

The terrors of death had not power to alarm her,
She felt not his darkness and feared not his sting;

The thought of her Savior's kind mercy could calm her,

And her spirit went upwards on Faith's ardent wing.

In her beauty she sleeps, but we will not regret her.

Our tears may not moisten the flowers on her tomb;

For the smiles of her Savior in mercy have met her,

Oh death, thou art vanquished—and past is thy gloom.

Then calm be the spot where her form now reposes,

May the friends who so loved her, revisit the grave,

And feel—though the cold sod her ashes encloseth,
She lives in the presence of him who can save.

HEREDITARY DESCENT OF MENTAL TALENT.

From a number of facts, a few of which we shall select for the purpose of illustration, it will appear remarkably striking, that such an inheritance is more generally derived from the maternal than the paternal side. In the examples to

be adduced, a selection has been made with a view of the different varieties of mental superiority, and the following comprehends poets, historians, and orators.—Lord Bacon. His mother was daughter to Sir Anthony Cooke; she was skilled in many languages, and translated and wrote several works, which displayed learning, acuteness, and taste.—Hume, the historian, mentions his mother, daughter of Sir D. Falconet, President of the College of Justice, as a woman of 'singular merit; and who, although in the prime of life, devoted herself entirely to his education.'—R. B. Sheridan. Mrs. Frances Sheridan was a woman of considerable abilities. It was writing a pamphlet in his defence, that first introduced her to Mr. Sheridan, afterwards her husband. She also wrote a novel highly praised by Johnson.—Schiller, the German poet. His mother was an amiable woman; she had a great relish for the beauties of nature, and was passionately fond of music and poetry. Schiller was her favorite child.—Goethe thus speaks of his parents: 'I inherited from my father a certain sort of eloquence, calculated to enforce my doctrines to my auditors; from my mother I derived the faculty of representing all that the imagination can conceive, with energy and vivacity.' Lord Erskine's mother was a woman of superior talent and discernment; by her advice her son betook himself to the bar.—Thomson the poet. Mrs. Thomson was a woman of uncommon natural endowment, possessed of every social and domestic virtue, with a warmth and vivacity of imagination scarcely inferior to her son.—Boerhaave's mother acquired a knowledge of medicine, not often found in females.—Sir Walter Scott. His mother, Elizabeth, daughter of D. Rutherford, W. S. was a woman of great accomplishments and virtue.—She had a good taste for, and wrote poetry, which appeared in print in 1789. We might further mention the mother of Marmontel, of Bonaparte, Sir William Jones, and a host of others. But a sufficient number has been given, we think, to show that, in a number of cases, eminent men have derived their

talents from either parent, and that it is a remarkable circumstance that such inheritance is most generally from the maternal side.

THE SILENT ACADEMY OF ISPAHAN.

There was at Ispahan an Academy, of which the first law was, "The Academicians shall think much, shall write little, and shall speak as little as possible." It was called the Silent Academy, and there was not a true philosopher in all Persia who was not ambitious of obtaining admission. Dr. Zeb, the author of an excellent work on Silence, heard in the distant province where he dwelt, that there was a place vacant in the Academy. He set out immediately, arrived at Ispahan, and presenting himself before the hall where the Academicians were assembled, requested the officer to hand this billet to the President: "Doctor Zed humbly begs the vacant place." The officer executed his commission without delay: but the doctor and his billet arrived too late, and the place was already filled up.

The Academy was much vexed at this disappointment, but their laws forbade the increase of their number, and they were compelled to refuse even the learned Dr. Zeb. The president, charged with announcing the disagreeable tidings, after pondering a little how he should make the communication, ordered a large glass to be filled with water, so that a single drop more would make it overflow. He then ordered the candidate to be introduced, who appeared with that air of simplicity and modesty which always announces true merit. The President rose, and, without saying a single word, pointed with a most doleful countenance to the emblematic cup. The doctor understood the symbol; but without losing his presence of mind, he wished to make them understand, that one supernumerary academician could produce no derangement. Seeing at his feet the petal of a rose, he picked it up, and placed it gently on the surface of the water, and did it so neatly, that not a single drop escaped.

Every one applauded this ingenious reply; the laws were for that day suspended, and Dr. Zeb was admitted by universal acclamation. He was forthwith presented with the register of the Academy; he inscribed his name, and there only remained, that, according to custom, he should deliver a single sentence of acknowledgment. But Dr. Z., true to the principles of the Academy, returned thanks without saying a word. He wrote on the margin the number 100, which was that of his new associates, and prefixed a cypher (0100), to signify that the former value was neither increased nor diminished. The President, however, soon politely shifted the modest cypher of the doctor, to where it indicated that the worth of the Society was raised tenfold (1000).

In this eastern story, we are taught, that silence is often the most expressive language of the philosopher, and that humility is the highest of philosophic as well as of Christian virtues.—*Introductory Address, Cuverian Natural History Society, Edinburgh, by James Macauley, A. M.*

Inquietness of mind cannot be prevented without first eradicating all our inclinations and passions, the winds and tides that preserve the great ocean of human life from perpetual stagnation.—*Jenyns.*

The way to cure our prejudices is this, that every man should let alone those that he complains of in others, and examine his own.—*Locke.*

'Tis one of God's blessings that we cannot foreknow the hour of our death; for a time fixed, even beyond the possibility of living, would trouble us far more than doth this uncertainty.—*King James.*

Conversation augments pleasure, and diminishes pain, by our having sharers in either; for silent woes are greatest, as silent satisfaction least; since sometimes our pleasure would be none but for telling of it, and our grief insupportable but for participation.—*Wycherley*